

Mexico

That Handsome Devil

Up all day, a-thinkin' like crazy
I can't get sleep, I'm tired of waiting
Along come a bus with a bunk fulla babies
It pulled away, and nobody's waving

C'mon pretty lady, put a bullet in my heart
Lay me on the streets and let the fiends rip me apart

We die, muchacho, vamonos

I'm goin' down to Mexico

I'm goin' down to Mexico
Down to Mexico, oh
I'm going down to Mexico
Down to Mexico, oh

We banditos
Cheap gold sheep's wool
Six-pack of Keystone
Lookin' like street folk
We don't need no
Power to the people
Heatstroke, chico
One, two, three, four

We banditos
Six-pack of Keystone
Smellin' like street folk
Keen-o, chico
I can see so
Good, I think it's heatstroke
Outside, inline
At the bus depot

We die, muchachos, vamamos

I'm goin' down to Mexico

I'm goin' down to Mexico
Down to Mexico, oh
I'm goin' down Mexico
Down to Mexico, oh

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I can't get sleep, I'm tired of waiting
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C'mon pretty lady, put a bullet in my heart
Lay me on the streets and let the fiends rip me apart

C'mon pretty lady, put a bullet in my heart
Lay me on the streets and let the fiends rip me apart

C'mon pretty lady, put a bullet in my heart (bullet in my heart)
Lay me on the streets and let the fiends rip me apart (Lie me on the streets
and let the fiends rip me apart)

(To be alone is to live in a frightening world. A place where fears and insecurities can eat away like acid at the confused mind. There are many such young people today - afterthoughts of broken homes and selfish, unthinking parents. The young can grow like seeking roots in tortured, twisted ways)